

334 Takoma Park, Md.,
September 13, 1927.

Dear Pitt:

From the enclosure, which is self-explanatory, you will see how Hotie looks at the matter of winding up Papa's estate along the lines suggested by you.

I am sorry, exceedingly so, that something has occurred to cause matters to be as they appear to be.

As I wrote you in my other letter, it is absolutely impossible for me to serve as poor Papa intended for me to. Money matters were bad enough with me, when I wrote you the other day, and now they are even worse, for the little job that I held over at the Capitol went out of existence on September 1st, and tho I have sought and sought for employment since then, like thousands of others in Washington, I have not yet found a thing that would turn me in a dollar. To make matters even worse, Vera's physical condition now is such that she can't work out, and the educational school law puts son out, so there it is.

Of course, if we all three are not forced to suicide to escape starvation, we feel confident that within a few weeks, or months at most, we will be financially easy, but, honestly, we have between \$8 and \$9 on hand, and that is all. Of course, we have no credit, but our room rent will be due day after tomorrow, and I do not know where it is coming from.

Dr. Owens held my manuscripts---all three of them---in his New York offices from January 1st to July 15th, during all of which time, he made to me many pretences as to what he expected to do, but he did nothing. Yet, I do not know, after all, that he should be so much blamed for his apparent failure. For the president of, perhaps, the largest bank in Washington, with whom I deposited my little mite of money, when I was here 14 or 15 years ago, now has the matter under advisement of publishing the most important of the three manuscripts. He is a Southern man, but conservative, very, in his views touching the differences that divided the country back in the 60's. At his

suggestion, I have made a few very necessary changes, and he seems to be highly pleased with the manuscript as it now is. On yesterday I had another interview with Dr. Tiggert, United States Commissioner of Education, the fourth that I have had with him on the subject in the last two years. He went into a discussion of the merits of my proposition, at some length, with me on yesterday, keeping me in his office, long after the other offices of the Interior Building had been closed, and then brought me part of the way home in his own car. He told me that the book would be a go in the Southern schools, as it now is, but that some further changes would be necessary to make it acceptable to the North, but that he believed that if I would make a few more alterations---and that is such as way as to reflect no discredit upon the South---the Northern States would adopt it in their schools likewise, and, if this can be done, it will mean the placing of three million copies---a thing worth working for. Well, of course, neither the Bank President, who is a multi-millionaire, nor the Commissioner, who is the first and foremost educational official in the United States, or in the world, as to that matter, know that they were exchanging ideas and discussing a matter of possible national importance with a pauper, a poor wretch that may be hungry in side of a week. I still have decent clothes, and by that means keep my dire financial condition concealed. How I am to keep my poverty hid from them long enough to put over my proposition, to which I have devoted my life, is more than I know.

Pitt, I do wish that you and Hotie together, if neither wish to do it separately, would pay me a little something, and pay it now, for whatever my interest may be, and, if you decide to do it, do not wait too long, or it may reach me too late to do any good. If I should drop out of existence suddenly, my manuscripts would become immediately very valuable---I know that, and those, dearer to me than my old unappreciated life, I feel sure would never lack for this world's goods any more.

Anything that you may propose for my interest in Florida, however little, if it can reach me in time, may mean---O, God only knows what it may mean! If it is not but just a few dollars, it may bridge an awful chasm on whose very brink I am now

standing, and over which I am going to have to pass, and that right away, or else measure the distance of its depth with this apparently undesirable existence of mine.

Pitt, I am not writing this letter because I am crazy---not at all. I am writing this letter purely as a matter of honest-to-goodness information---for, however little you or Hotie might pay me, it would be that much more than I would get any way, for if I did not have but one small lot in Florida, and its taxes were due tomorrow, it would have to sell---I could not help myself.

I trust that you will not show this alarming letter to any one, for it will do no good, but, I think, that I would not destroy it for a week or ten days---you might want to refer to it again.

Trusting that all is well with you and with yours, and that it will be so always,

I am,

Your brother,

H. C. C.